the glitch issue
OREGON VOICE MAGAZINE
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issue 3

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table of contents

1.....Natalie Devina-Goldberg

2.....Trina Pham

4.....Isabella Albin

5.....Chris Walker

6.....Isabella Albin

9/10.....Danny Infante Pardo

13/14.....Lindsey Leis

15.....Landon Romo

16.....Natalie Devina-Goldberg

17.....Danielle Richard

19.....Madeline Fouts

20.....Chris Walker

22.....Kaitlyn Cafarelli

25/26.....Sedra Jones

29.....Change

30.....Estella Pryor

31.....Sedra Jones

32.....Natalie Devina-Goldberg

34.....Danny Infante Pardo

37/38.....Sedra Jones

39.....Natalie Devina-Goldberg

40.....Radio Platenberg

41.....Estella Pryor

42.....Change

letter from the editor

I can't believe my time with Oregon Voice is coming to a close this term, and I truly couldn't have asked for a better team this year. Oregon Voice has been an outlet for myself the past couple years and many other UO students for decades, and it was an honor to be able to hold the position of Editor in Chief during my last year of college.

During my time on the Oregon Voice team, we giggled, we asked out of pocket questions, we adventured, we sat in the back rooms of Sribles, we smoked out of fruit, and so many more memories I would not be able to sum up in a single run on sentence. But most importantly, we made some beautiful magazines…and this issue just might be my favorite.

I <3 you Oregon Voice.

Mind Maze

Lost in my own mind
Darkness surrounds me
And pulls me under

Wave after wave crashes on top of me
Not sure which way is up and which way is down

How do I find my way out
When there is no light at the end of the tunnel

How do I find my way out of this maze when
I can't even see the walls

Just pause for a moment
This is my own creation
This is my world
This is my mind

Take a step forward into the mist
Brave the storm
Take a deep breath and go

Through the torrential downpour
Through the darkness
Through the waves

Create the light,
that will appear at the end of the tunnel
And follow it
Almost out of my own creation

Just one more step
And I'm free from my own mind

-Natalie Devina-Goldberg

Trina Pham

CS for OV

This will be an over-dramatized retelling of semi-true events that are, unfortunately, based on my own very personal experience in the field of computer science.

Everytime I hear the word JavaScript a shiver goes down my spine. My palms go clammy and I feel like I'll yak in the nearest trash can. No one forced me to learn this skill that was so foreign to the predominantly right-sided brain. I thought it would be a silly little experience that would be in fact fulfilling a requirement for a minor that I was dead set on getting.

AN ASIDE FROM THE AUTHOR: I'm weeks away from graduating and I did in fact get my minor and pass this class. Do not assume I couldn't pass. I passed with a very respectable B.

The class itself was ASYNC and I thought it would be fanatics not attending a class and labs. Perhaps a failure on the university, but learning how to code by teaching yourself isn't exactly intuitive.

JavaScript could be a beautiful language like Italian, but unfortunately I've never been to italy nor have I been to Java. I love to make silly little things and I thought Java would be a new way for me to make more silly little things. In a sense I did. In another sense I completed assignments meeting the bare minimum, but with a lot of color.

This point you may be asking: Why?

This stream of consciousness from an unreliable narrative really just underscores what we aimed to do with the Glitch Issue. This issue is about the oddities and glitches we experience everyday. For me, I was the world's premiere coder for three months, it was just weird. I had no idea what I was doing, but within the confines of school it was comfortable. Now that I'm leaving, the weird shit continues, but now it's open ended.

Again,
No choice is made
a thought unborn,
right,
i never thought about dying
pulling out,
my mind resets
a love affair never began
instead of biting my nails...
a baby sucks its thumb
it’s all swallowed up
by eastward extinction
from the folds of my brain
blood vessels swimming backwards, handing it back,
raining down,
finding its way safely back
to the pocket of a man, with a man
a shot dances itself into a glass gun
a few seconds less drunk.
a plane rolls tail-first
onto the empire
on the highway in my dream
the cars were flying the wrong direction to our left a truck jumped
just for us to live
young man forced to boyhood
Mom is reading to me before anyone else was allowed to speak to me
a sun dies
the page flips backwards
summer begins again

the stooges

this

DM

joint

notes app

GTA 5

sims

creative mode

acoustic

VS code

vape

webkinz

chat gpt

apple

r

that

FT

pen

irl journal

fortnite

animal crossing

survival mode

electric

Linux

cig

club penguin

google

samsung

question 1
first show/movie you pirated?

The Mandalorian

SOAP2DAY FOREVERRR

123movies.com

Sausage Party (aka my sexual awakening)

Honestly… probably some kind of anime—maybe Soul Eater?

Star Wars prequels fan re-edits and Pirates Bay lol

Teen wolf

Barbie Fairytopia

1940s godzilla

Missing Magic

Sometimes, even though everything is going well
It feels like you are empty
For some reason even though your heart is full
It feels like with every breath you just fall deeper
Deeper into the pit of loneliness

Wanting more
Wishing for more
But knowing it's not going to happen

Wanting something special
Wanting that magic
What you find in fairytales but
Knowing it's not real

No matter how much you want it to happen
It's not time
And that feeling eats at you
You know the time will come
You know one day
You won't feel that loneliness but
What happens until then

You sit and let yourself feel
You let the waves wash over you
Until you find the peace in knowing
The time will come

Find the beauty in everything around you
See the sun shining
The flowers blooming
The air so crisp from the fall weather turning cold

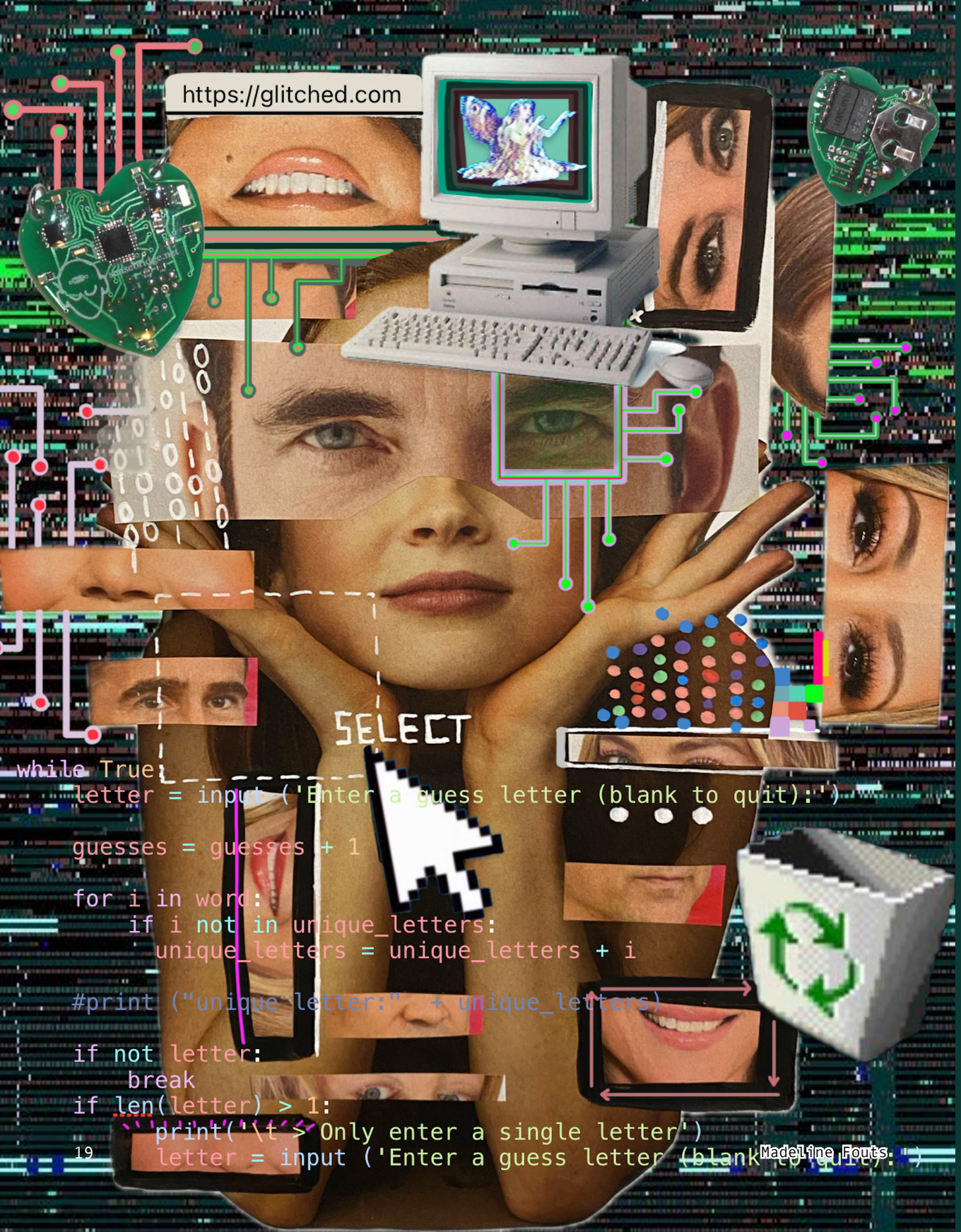
See everything around you
Because then you might not feel so lonely
Then you might realize its ok to feel like this
That its ok to feel alone at times
That no matter what you aren't alone
No matter if you feel like it

-Natalie Devina-Goldberg

Where did you grow up? If you were like me, your early childhood was generally devoid of accessible third spaces and you spent your time bouncing between Club Penguin and Webkinz and GirlsGoGames and Barbie.com and Neopets and Moshi Monsters and Petpet Park and Moviestar Planet and BuildABear and Animal Jam and Poptropica and all the free shit on the information superhighway. Before I had any friends in the neighborhood, these websites filled empty hours and eased my loneliness during long summers. They kept me from, god forbid, pursuing any creative endeavors that would have served me as an adult; these days, I do not know how to play any instruments, but I do know how to click and drag things very quickly. What a life.

With the recent (years ago) end of Adobe Flash, I thought that many of the games I loved were lost to time. Petpet Park had been gone for years, and I was sure the rest were done for. The digital landscape of my youth would crumble to dust. My childhood would officially be coming to an end. To say the least, I was devastated. But, as it turned out, there were people who cared way more than me and worked hard doing their computer science garbage that I'll never understand to archive these websites and keep them accessible to the general public. In fact, Club Penguin experienced a metamorphosis. Before Adobe Flash was dead, Disney had bought it, run it into the ground, and shut it down. Then the people revived it, creating Club Penguin Rewritten, which eventually got seized by the City of London Police (tough stuff). Then it got revived again (we're so back) and it is here to stay. Needless to say, my igloo is awesome (Halloween themed).

When I was thinking about what I wanted to write for this piece, I went searching for the games I used to frequent. I found a reddit thread with links to old Polly Pocket, GirlsGoGames, and Barbie.com games and had a blast. But I also had more than a blast. I had a cry. It was a glimpse into those years of begging my mom for Moshi Monsters membership cards from Target and using a coin to scratch off the back for the code. I can't help but feel like I lived in a very particular place and time, before online games became a male-children-to-far-right-extremism pipeline. My friends and I would call each other on our landlines and get on the same Club Penguin or Wizard 101 server and spend hours together doing fuck all. It was a cultural moment. I could spell out cuss words with spaces between all the letters and not get automatically reported and I could kiss my penguin girlfriend by sending :* in the chat box and I could decorate my wizard house and I could buy a funky little pet. And I learned that everyone should give their children unlimited and unrestricted computer time forever.


https://glitched.com
SELECT
while True:
letter = input ('Enter a guess letter (blank to quit):')
guesses = guesses + 1
for i in word:
if i not in unique_letters:
unique_letters = unique_letters + i
#print ("unique letter:" + unique_letters)
if not letter:
break
if len(letter) > 1:
print('\t> Only enter a single letter')
letter = input ('Enter a guess letter (blank to quit):')

Madeline Fouts

thinking about mortality at the house party
i remember two times these suburban houses
seemed silly
and fake
ready to blow over
walls
like glass panes
with spirits staring from outside
pushing their faces to the glass
or maybe they're dancing without us and
they're everywhere above and below
and we're just eating our lunch:
house as container, holding us still.
time 1.
time two:
i'm at the house party
it's my night off from drinking
flowers hardly bloom this time of year
spirits are dancing
the president karaokes into a sacred wine bottle
the house is sloped with rooms that go down and down
it's cramped
so i go lower
what was it about that night?
i had to go to the bathroom but there was a line
this stressed me out
i grow old

shot one.
none of these people could recognize me
i stumble getting up people are falling apart and i'm just growing old
shot two
no one seems as scared as me
everyone is puking
shot three.
i find a restroom outside: going, i peer into the neighbors house, they're eating dinner:
here people are getting drunk and screaming.
shot four.
an iris bends toward the newly free
the newly free gets overexcited
shot five
i'm nearing death
shot six
i'm a blossoming, groaning poppy, watered by your poison

GLITCH SEARCH

T	B	T	N	E	E	S	M	O	M	E	G	L	E
K	H	U	E	I	T	R	O	A	S	U	R	I	V
E	A	P	R	K	L	A	Y	F	T	P	A	M	O
Y	R	N	S	T	U	I	V	P	T	R	I	N	A
B	D	I	G	I	T	A	L	O	N	W	I	O	S
O	D	Y	R	A	N	I	B	H	Y	E	A	X	K
A	R	O	T	I	N	O	M	S	R	H	O	R	J
R	I	I	R	O	L	E	P	O	E	T	X	O	E
D	V	B	N	R	E	Y	I	T	T	P	T	B	E
P	E	N	O	M	I	S	X	O	T	O	M	O	V
C	I	R	C	U	I	T	E	H	A	I	E	T	E
O	W	W	I	R	E	S	L	P	B	J	I	H	S
I	N	B	U	C	O	M	P	U	T	E	R	S	U
R	G	O	A	P	Y	T	H	O	N	G	S	O	T

MONITOR
KEYBOARD
SOFTWARE
INPUT
PHOTOSHOP
PYTHON
COMPUTER
SIMONE
CIRCUIT
MATRIX
ASKJEEVES
BINARY
WIRES
HARD DRIVE
BATTERY
DIGITAL
OMEGLE
PIXEL
ROBOT
VIRUS

question 2
favorite childhood gaming website?

Petpet park goodbye you beautiful neopets spin-off i miss you every day

GIRLS GO GAMES. no explanation needed

Miniclip

Poptropica

girlsgogames made me the fashion baddie I am today

Cool Math Games I was sheltered

Poptropica. Good god I loved grinding through islands to buy dress up tools.

Animal jam lol

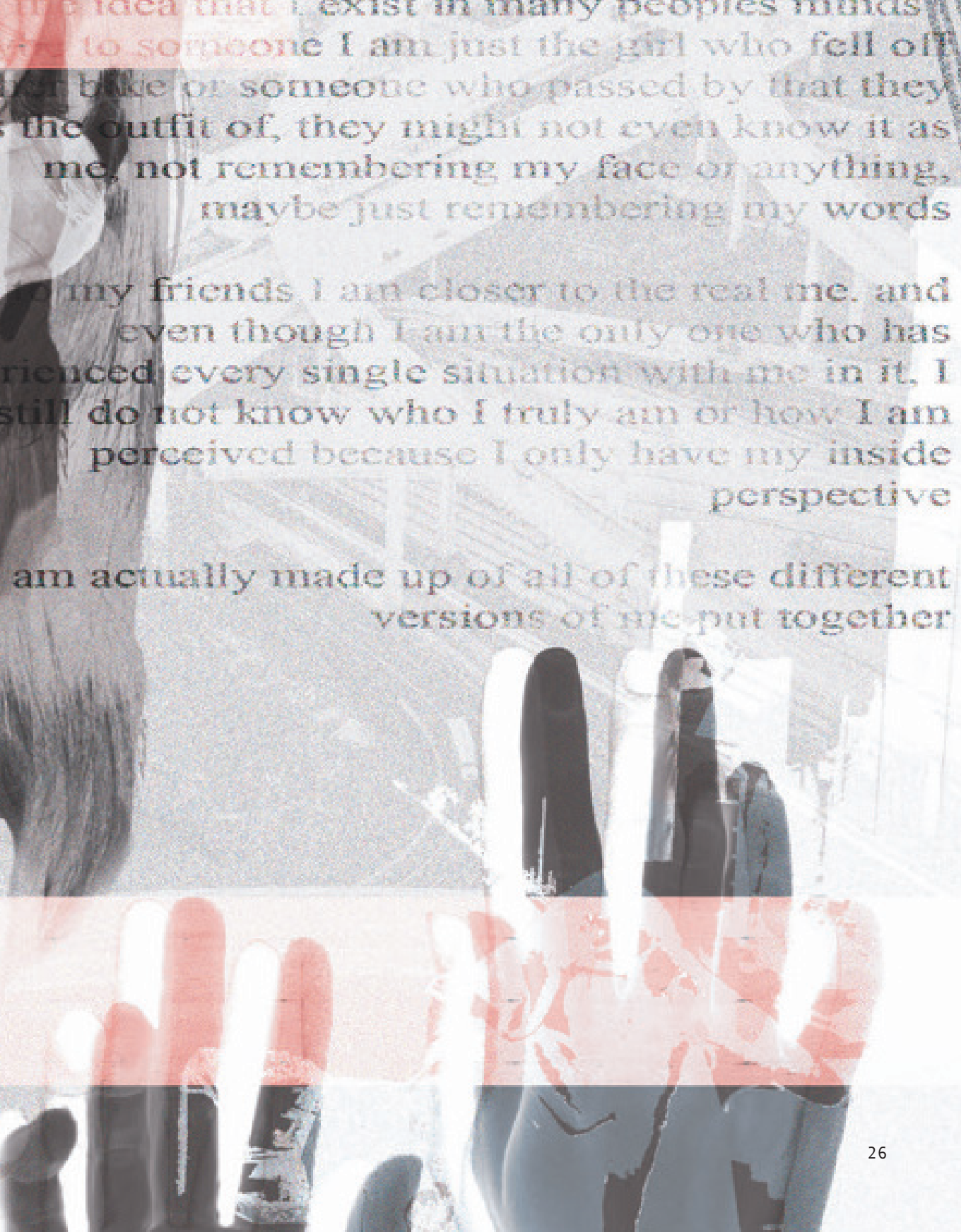
Def club penguin! I think I like how social and creative it was! I also loved the themed events

GirlsGoGames!!!!

Papas games and fire boy x water girl

Animal jam!

Sedra Jones


idea that I exist in many peoples minds
to someone I am just the girl who fell off
bike or someone who passed by that they
the outfit of, they might not even know it as
me, not remembering my face or anything,
maybe just remembering my words
my friends I am closer to the real me. and
even though I am the only one who has
rienced every single situation with me in it, I
still do not know who I truly am or how I am
perceived because I only have my inside
perspective
am actually made up of all of these different
versions of me put together

Respect

using someone else's account
for streaming services
moshi monsters
123movies.com
pixie hollow
boobs in your camera roll
beating your friends at wordle
only fans
techno

the natural world

EDM

teacher seeing your phone :(

netlfix household.

30 sec youtube ads

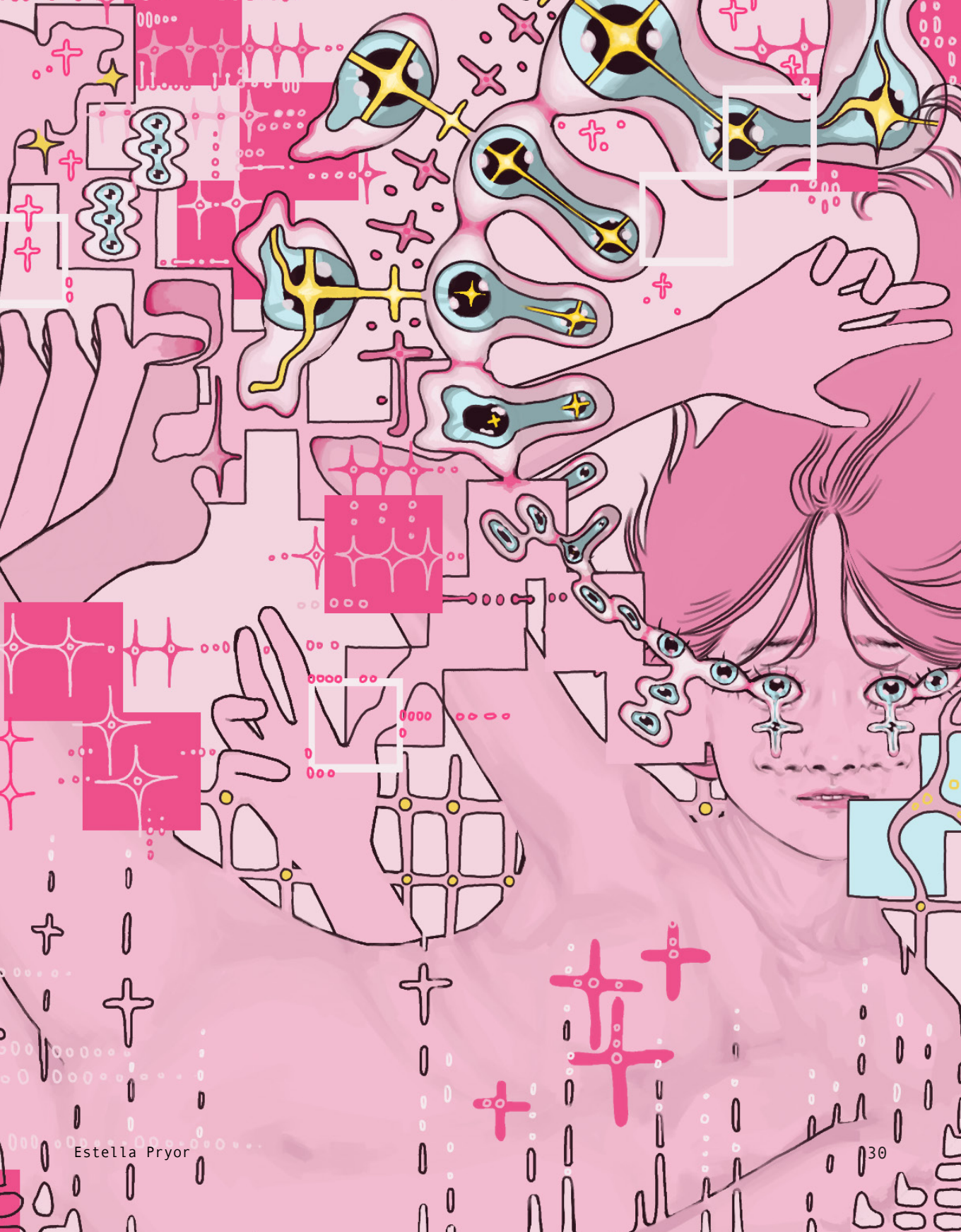
robot

No Respect

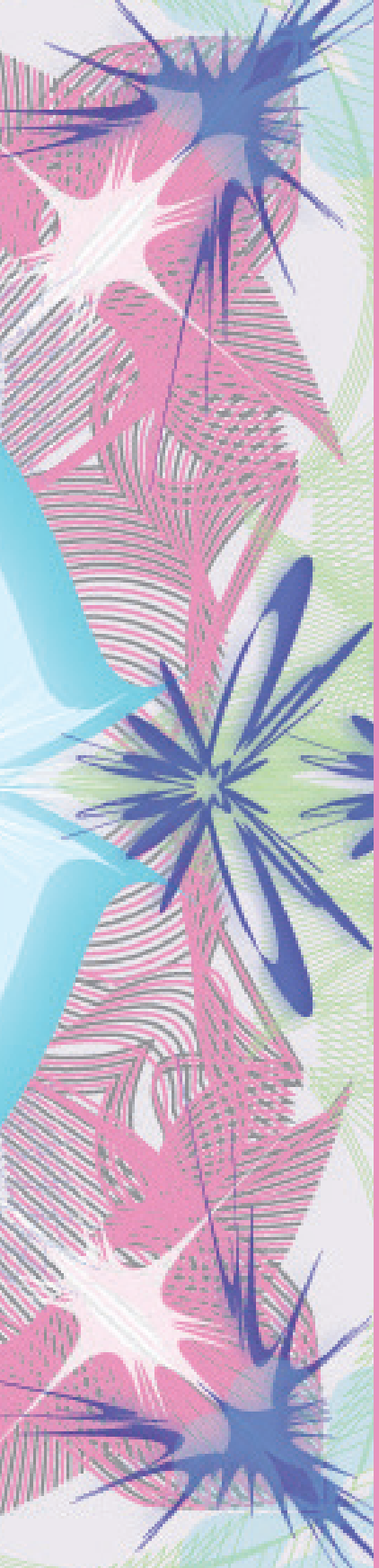
UNTITLED WORK OF AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

I don't want to write poetry.
I want to carve my name on the bark
of an old oak tree,
so that I can withstand
the cruelty of time.
I want to be here to witness
the sudden sprout of Spring bud
into a flower.

I want to be here also to witness
the same flower in its death bed
under the Winter wind.
All this may sound too good to be true,
but maybe, all I want
is to be like those couples, whose names
are engraved at the base
of the tree.



Sedra Jones



Never Ending Dream

Trapped in my own mind
Without even realizing it.
Heart racing, even though,
It's not real
How do I wake up when
I'm dying inside?

Laying in bed,
Slowly being suffocated
But don't know why.
Eyes wide open
And see an empty room but
Invisible hands still wrap around my throat

Can't yell for help
Can't move a muscle
Can't do anything

The hands release
And I can move
Tears stream down my face
Screaming for my parents
But nothing comes out

Racing to their room
Shaking their bodies but they don't wake up

Eyes open again
Finally I'm free from my dream
Only to realize it started again

-Natalie Devina-Goldberg

the glitch playlist

Bum Crush V2 - Yazida & Angelus

Glitch Mode - NCT DREAM

Lfg - Alex Chapman & Chloe Angelides

iinnnn mm m my y yy ww wwaa y yyy - aya

Glitch - KWON EUNBI

Europapa - Joost

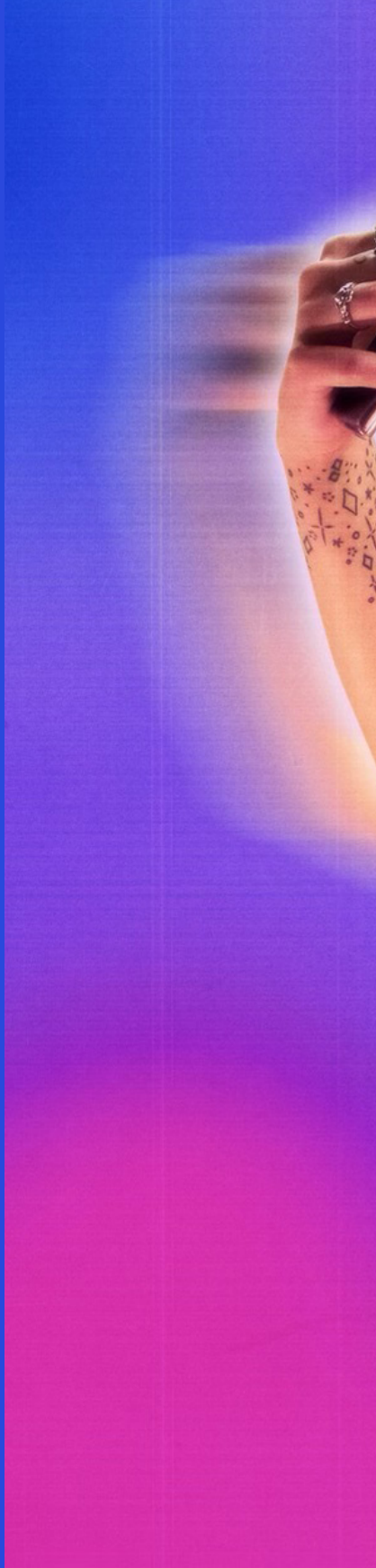
Bipping - BIP LING

Vroom Vroom - Charlie XCX (Lil Data Tidal-Cycles live coding edit)

Klahrk & KAVARI - Wax (GEN049)

World Princess part II - Grimes

Ibitbt - 3l3d3p



question 3
favorite keyboard shortcut?

control+alt+pictureofmyboobs

Paste with formatting - command option V incredibly useful

Option ! Makes it upside down!!

Ctrl + shift + T to reopen tabs has saved my life a couple times

Sedra Jones

Echo

Sitting in the darkness
Alone with these thoughts
Swirling, swarming, surrounding
Never ending
Always thinking

Not realizing how much time has passed
Stuck inside this cyclone of sinking thoughts
Dragging further and further until the light is gone

Engulfed in pure darkness
Lost, drifting alone
No walls to trace
No sounds to follow
No light to chase

Pulled out by a memory
Knowing there is a echo
A little path of remnant light
Barely visible but there

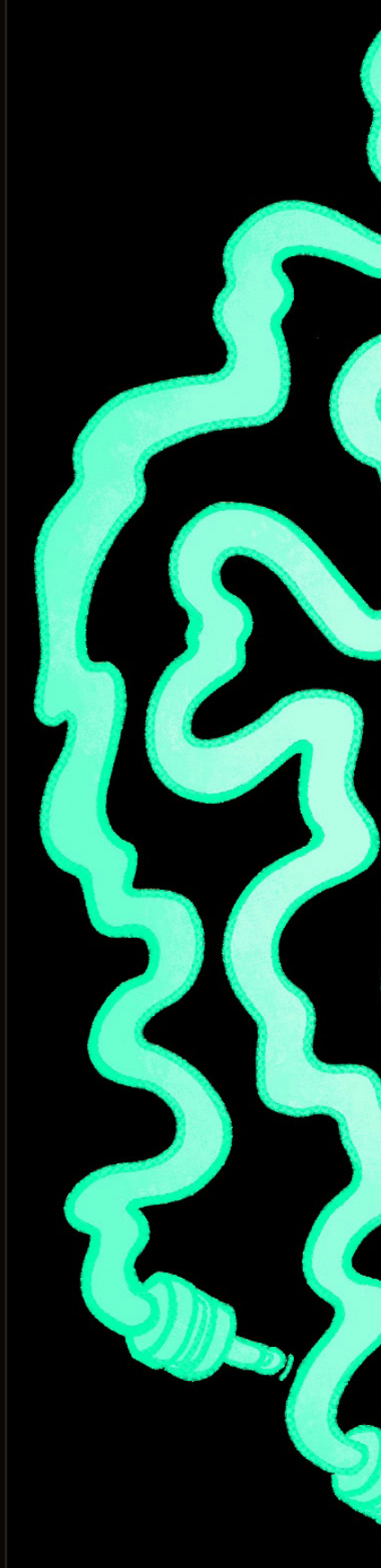
Grabbing hold and never letting go
Another memory
Walls appear to trace
Voices to follow
Light to chase

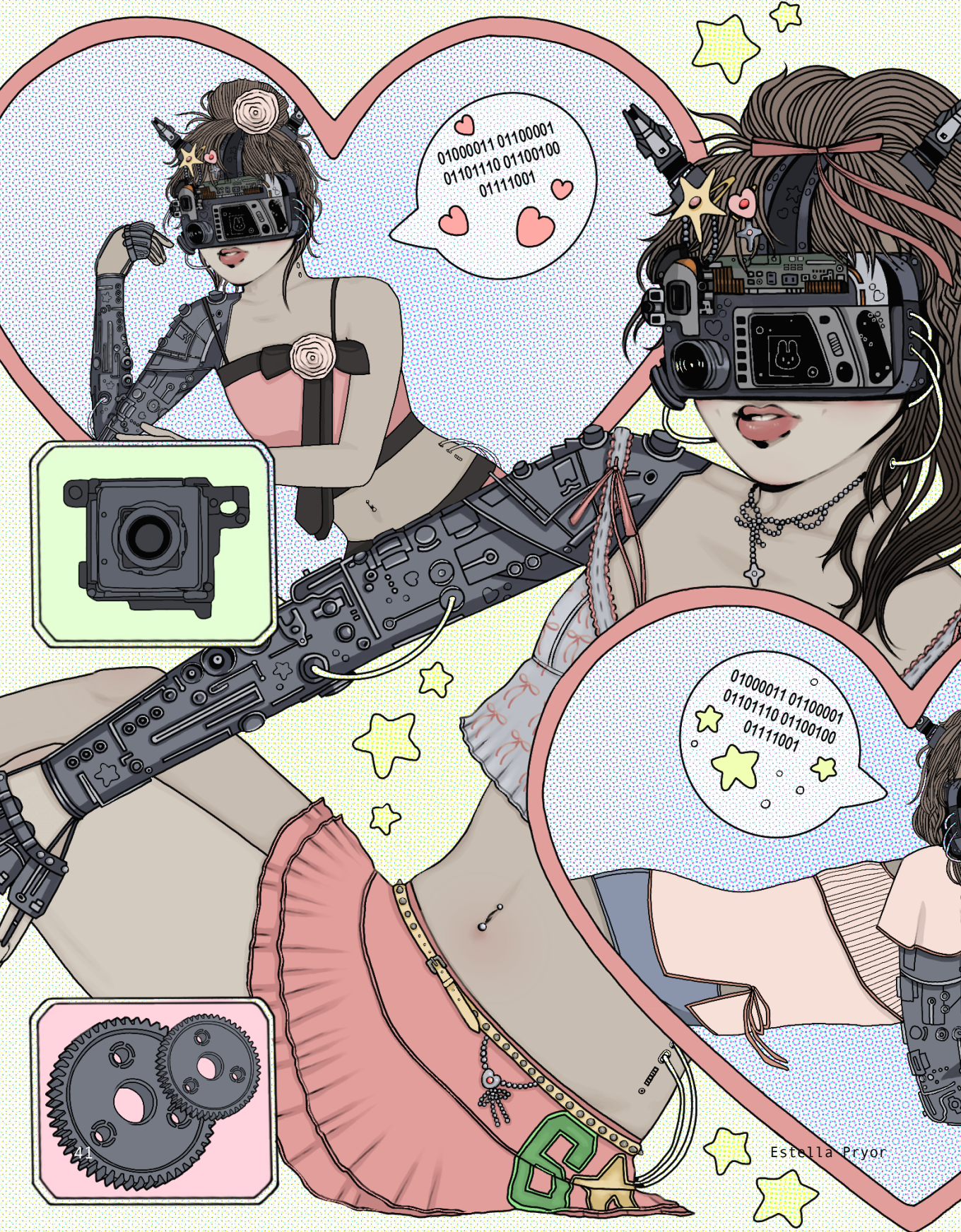
Finally out of the cyclone
Out of the darkness
Surrounded by light
The darkness is still there
It Never leaves
Always Apart of life

But knowing an echo will always be there
When needed the most
When lost
When needed to be found

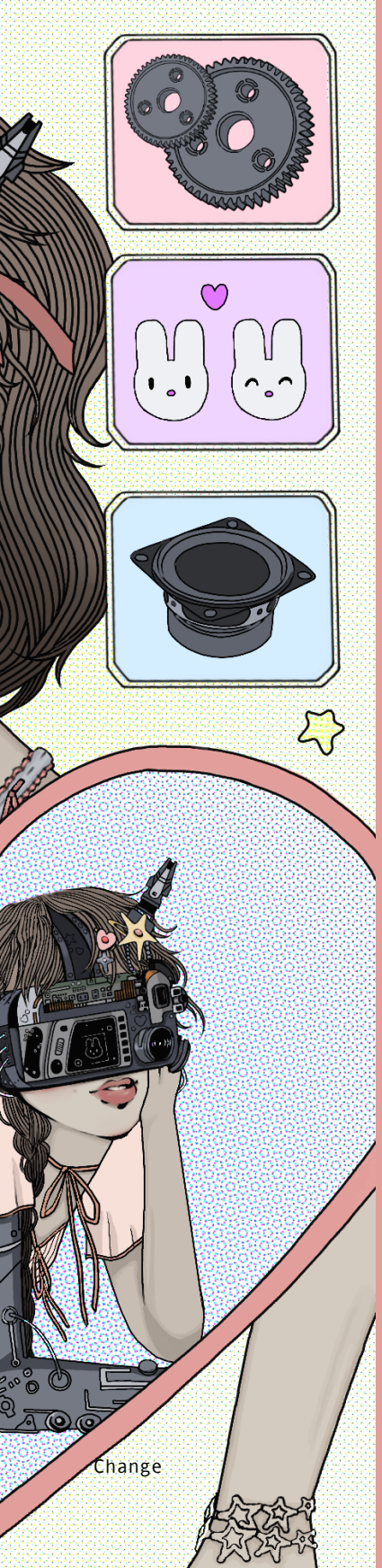
Never alone
Always surrounded
Just sometimes too quiet
And all that is needed
Is a little echo

-Natalie Devina-Goldberg





Estella Pryor



CLOCK

i do not sing the plucking melody—
bells once thrilled like a music box
with a ceramic figure dancing
at the first lift of the lid.

no, the golden pendulum swinging
behind my glass chest clicks—
softly, piercingly, and cheerlessly—
that no passerby will ever notice.

old, peeling coats with nicks
like scars gild over my wooden shell.
scatters of dusts and heavy bags
linger on my face with my hands.

i hum to the end of the morning—
now to the start of the afternoon—
but still stuck ticking back-and-forth
between 11:59 and 12:00.

and with my raspy voice when
my song becomes unrecognizable,
my lungs collapse with a breath—
then replacing altogether. i sleep.